

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN ★ ERNEST BOYD ★ SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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SAM LEIBOWITZ: JONAH IN MODERN DRESS

by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Author, "Black No More," "Slaves Today";

Editorial staff The Pittsburgh Courier

THE Scottsboro Boys have been joned. Properly defended they might ere this have been Pullman porters, jazz band players, or laborers for the CWA. A clever Southern or Northern white lawyer might have saved them, as a clever Southern Negro lawyer saved the black sharecroppers of Elaine, Ark., sentenced to die on the more serious charge of conspiring to massacre the whites, right after the World War. But the boys have been afflicted with Samuel Leibowitz and chained to the Communist chariot. If they do not suffer the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, they will probably rot in prison like Mooney, a tragic memorial to megalomania, Negrophobia and propaganda.

Considering the psychopathic reaction of the Alabama Neanderthals to cases of this sort where the lowly Senegambian is involved, heightened by the sneering ineptitudes and stupidities of the grandstanding chief counsel, the wonder is that the accused blackamoors have not been baked in their cells or broiled at a stake. Indeed, this amazing forbearance on the part of the mob-minded cracker proletariat is so unprecedented in those parts as to merit commendation.

Dr. Leibowitz, the unblushing victor of a hundred New York court battles, is serving the Scottsboro Boys without fee and, regardless of what their fate may be, the effort is far from being a total loss to him. It has lifted him from the category of a modest little Manhattan lawyer to that of an internationally famous attorney, a defender of the oppressed, a hero of the embattled proletariat. If mere self-aggrandizement of counsel or victualing of Communist agitators were the only objective of the Scottsboro defense, there could be unanimous agreement that its procedure has been eminently correct, but it has reiterated with monotonous and suspicious frequency that its goal is "to save the boys from capitalist lynch terror."

So what? So the noted chief counsel, fortified with little knowledge of Alabama law and none whatever of the customs and mores of that benighted state, barged in boasting and blustering, committing the unforgivable sin of alien lawyers in the South: *i.e.* sharpening local prejudice against himself, and so against his clients. Regardless of how many times the lads are tried, any defense lawyer should know that they will always be tried by an Alabama judge and an Alabama white jury. Thus, for a chief counsel to lose his temper and deliver soap-box speeches accurately describing

the violent nature, abysmal ignorance and incredible uncouthness of the Alabama cracker is a tactic scarcely calculated to build up good will, sympathy and understanding. It is the business of a defense counsel to convince the jurymen that his client should be freed or at least shown mercy, not to upbraid them and so infuriate them. What reason was there to suppose that one jury selected in Decatur, Alabama, would be any different from another?

Since Leibowitz was serving without fee, he could very well have insisted that the dull-witted Communist propaganda cease, or better, that several other organizations be invited to aid in the defense. Such a step would have taken the taint of Moscow off the trial, and withdrawn another weapon from the hands of the alert prosecution.

Instead, the feather boa workers and pants pressers deluged every Alabama official with threatening letters and telegrams, while vast protest meetings were staged in Buenos Aires, Shanghai, Johannesburg and Bucharest, on the mistaken assumption that this outside clamor, this "mass pressure," would scare the Kluxers into a state of leniency. It was unnecessary to prove what was already internationally believed: to wit, that Negroes do not get justice in Southern courts. And does anybody think that Alabama will yield more readily to "mass pressure" than did California in the case of Mooney or Massachusetts in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti?

As if feeling were not already dangerously inflamed by stupid propaganda, Leibowitz proceeded to make the case a sectional as well as a racial one by challenging the fairness of the Alabama courts and attacking the exclusion of Negroes from juries. The position was correct, but the approach was wrong. It has been done before in the Elaine sharecroppers' trial and more recently in the George Crawford case in Virginia, but it was done with skill and finesse, as is fitting on enemy soil.

Even worse was the senseless parading of the dingy past of the two allegedly raped wantons. The ruck of already over-sensitive Alabamans promptly interpreted this move as an attack upon Southern white womanhood, the more unforgivable coming from a Northerner, a Jew, and an alleged hireling of foreign-controlled Communists. Whether or not a woman is a prostitute does not really matter in a case of this sort. Nor is it necessary in Alabama law for the woman's testimony to be corroborated. The mere ac-

cusation is sufficient. In proving that the white girls belonged to the vast army of part-time prostitutes that swarms in the Southern mill towns, the omniscient Dr. Leibowitz only strengthened the crackers' determination to fry the blackamoors.

Had the distinguished chief counsel been a really shrewd lawyer, he would have sized up the situation realistically, dumped the methods and mannerisms found successful in Manhattan court-rooms, and proceeded to play upon the childish Southern sentimentality: *i.e.* pretending the savages about him were paragons of virtue, chivalry and fair-play, and dwelling learnedly and at length on the unfortunate social and economic conditions that had made such an occurrence possible, and which even Alabama crackers deplore. One can hear old Clarence Darrow doing this very thing with superb insight into the souls of the Scottsboro jurymen; doing it as effectively as he did in the Leopold-Loeb case, the Sweet case, and the Massie case. It is tragic that Communist bigotry and trickery eliminated him from the case.

Few Southern juries, of course, will take the word of a Negro in preference to that of a white woman, regardless of what they privately may think. They all have the fiction of white superiority to preserve. And yet there is record of a Negro in rural Louisiana being acquitted of a similar rape charge in the last five years, while only this Spring a Southern white lawyer in Princess Anne, Md., won acquittal for a Negro accused of assaulting and murdering an aged white woman. Needless to say, neither defendant was "aided" by Communist "mass pressure" and in neither case did the defense attorney denounce judge and jury as unfair and probe the morals of the white women involved.

A really shrewd lawyer, not intent on hogging the limelight, would have first built up good will, respect and admiration, as Charles H. Houston, the Negro lawyer, did at the George Crawford trial at Leesburg, Va. Then, the accused would each have been given a long sentence, as is the Southern custom in order to save face, and when the crackers had gone back to their corn liquor, their sex boastings and their crude theology, the boys would have been turned out on the street. It has happened scores of times before. It would have happened in the Scottsboro case, but Sam Leibowitz was the chief counsel. He has the reputation; the lads have the death cell.

LITERARY TARZAN No. 2

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IN these pages, several months ago, I made bold to ascribe the legend of the genius of Ambrose Bierce to the persistent sentimentality (and ignorance) of present-day adults still in their 1890-5 literary diapers. It was my point that it is these uncritical and unwitting throwbacks to youngsterdom who, not taking the trouble to reappraise the enthusiasms of their youth, are largely responsible for perpetuating the doctrine that Bierce, a third-rater if ever there lived one, was a piercing wit, a devastating iconoclastic mind, and a very high-toned literary artist. Today, in the same way, I should like to call attention to another great literary hero of the critics and public of twenty-five years ago, and make equally bold to analyze him in the light of a current re-reading.

This second hero is David Graham Phillips who, during his lifetime and for some years thereafter, was widely hailed as one of the greatest of American realists and as one of the finest of American novelists. In this last month I have undertaken, in the services of truth and the national honor, to read again every book that he wrote, and I emerge from the grand plunge with the conviction that, if here was an important realistic mind and an important novelist, I

am either the poorest judge of intellectual and literary values this side of Columbia University or one whom the wholesale reading in question has paralyzed out of all possibly nascent critical talent.

Although Phillips impressed the infralethicals of his time as a gratifyingly well-barbered and well-tailored Dreiser, he was essentially little more than a Robert W. Chambers out of an Upton Sinclair. In even the best of his realistic writing a kind of pretty-pretty quality refractorily permeated the scene. And always one had the feeling—as one still has on re-reading him—that his realism was the residuum of suckled indignation rather than of actual experience. He was, as the more modern psychologists would quickly have observed, a snob who envied and even loved the things he professed to hate. He could write, but the blood in his eye blinded him to himself. He was, subconsciously, the squire of his worst villains.

These villains were (1) women, (2) money, and (3) the world of fashionable society. In one way or another, the bulk of his writing concerned one or the other or all of them. His three earliest works, "The Great God Success," "Her Serene Highness" and "A Woman Ventures," consisted in a savage attack upon the American *haut monde* and the women who were part of it. "The Master Rogue" was a savage attack upon millionaires, as "The Social Secretary" was an attemptedly sardonic one. "Light-Fingered Gentry" again attacked the plutocratic *haut monde*. "Old Wives for New", his best work, paid its author's usual compliments to the millionaire, and to woman. "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig" again touched upon money and ladies of high social standing, as "The Hungry Heart" had to do with a Southern mazuma magnifico and his disconsolate spouse. "The Husband's Story" hammered yet again at the rich American snob, chiefly female. And, "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," written for one of the Hearst magazines, underneath its tin-pot movie melodrama plied the same old artillery against social and economic snobberies.

Whatever the variance of approach, the animus at the bottom of almost all these novels was generally the same: the animus of a somewhat bedraggled bird longing for a golden cage that was not open to it. Even when allowing, in a magnanimous gesture of fairness, glints of virtue to such rich and lofty personages as otherwise he literarily goosed, Phillips could barely conceal his disrelish in betraying even for a moment his own ingrained admiration of them. He performed constantly a vasectomy on his own secret personal ambitions, and the resulting pain became his sterile literary diatribes. That he could write, it must be repeated; but to strike a balance between what he passionately believed and what he passionately tried personally for his own obsequious comfort to forget, was within neither his power nor his talent. The self-depuratory faculty that is the gift of the true artist was denied him.

Phillips was, above all else, first and foremost simply an indignant melodramatist. In his attempted excursions into humor, traces of the indignant melodramatist still stubbornly revealed themselves. He was a blood and thunder show at five dollars a seat, doubling psychologically as the hero and villain, and sometimes even as Little Nell. It was natural, therefore, that in the turmoil his crusader self often confusedly presented itself in fierce black moustachios, the while his darker rôle surprised everyone with a beautiful curly blond wig. He was a realist self-manufactured in a stage dressing-room. The moment he emerged into the light of day, his make-up was disconcertingly evident.

The Editors of The American Spectator are gratified to note that the Secretary of State and the Administration were inspired in their suggestion to European debtor nations to pay in kind by the eminent A. A. Boublikoff's treatise on the subject, published in The American Spectator.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

Herewith, you have *The American Spectator* in a new format. We editors preferred the old one. But it seems (1) that our readers found it rather too unwieldy; (2) that the paper in the larger size tore too easily; and (3) that the voluptuous colored band in which it was wrapped gave the post-office department and the newsdealers a lot of trouble. So here you all are, rid of your various former irritations, at least mechanically. You asked for it, so it is up to you!

The Editors.

THE WELL LOST GENERATION

by ERNEST BOYD

IT is not often that a satirical sketch turns out to be a prophecy. Ten years ago Mr. Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" was unwittingly published by me, under the title, "Æsthete: Model 1924." It was an imaginary portrait of a type of ineffectual author who was then performing for mutual admiration societies in various ephemeral magazines. The youth was described as essentially a café brawler, completely humorless, obsessed by whatever happened to be the latest coterie fad in Paris, and given to making up for his deficiencies in learning and experience and imagination by the excessive use of his fists and constant libations of synthetic gin or crude applejack. Specimens of his woolly thinking, freak writing and atrocious ignorance of France and all things French were incorporated into this composite picture.

Now, speaking for his coterie, Mr. Cowley has produced autobiographical evidence that nobody could have exaggerated or burlesqued his friends or himself. Here is the account of heroic brawls with French waiters, heroic brawls in Woodstock with other literary gunmen, pathetic efforts to read significance into Dadaism, terrifyingly ingenuous declarations of revolt, an inconceivable vanity in every adolescent's discovery—usually reserved for his contemporaries—that with him the world began anew. In a writer almost forty such revelations will astound even those who thought they had taken the measure of these Æsthètes of ten years ago. These Peter Pans of literature will never grow up.

In the first place, they are still impervious to humor or criticism. Having described himself in terms more devastating than anyone not personally acquainted with the facts could imagine, Mr. Cowley still

argues that he was much maligned and victimized. With characteristic egotism, he assumes still, as he assumed at the time, that my imaginary portrait was chiefly concerned with him. With equally characteristic cheapness he states that my motive was commercial jealousy of these Bright Young Men who, he insinuates, were threatening my alleged monopoly in certain fields of literature. The fact is that, despite his hysterical abuse of me, I actually secured a contract for Mr. Cowley with a publishing firm whose adviser I was, having mistakenly supposed that he could write the projected volume. He subsequently reneged on the contract and refused to write the book. Another of the coterie obtained translation work which I could easily have given to another, and he proved to be a very mediocre translator at that.

Typical of the whine of self-pity which is the *Leitmotiv* of his reminiscences is his complaint that he and his group had no place in which to reply to me, because their magazine *Broom* had been suppressed. He omits to mention the entire issue of *Æsthete* 1925, which was devoted to silly abuse of everybody who did not share the grievances of the Æsthètes. Even Burton Rascoe's humorous account of the proceedings is taken literally, the nonsensical lie about the walking stick of Mr. Seldes is repeated, and the passage in "A Bookman's Daybook," in which a group of leading authors in New York is credited with various imaginary pastimes, is solemnly reprinted verbatim, in order to prove that nobody took literature seriously, except Mr. Cowley and his cronies. This is surely the supreme height of that self-centered humorlessness which definitely amounts to arrant stupidity.

In his effort to attach the nonentities in his own circle to American literature today, Mr. Cowley includes everybody in that meaningless phrase of Gertrude Stein's, "the Lost Generation." By this process somebody or other called Slater Brown and somebody or other called Harry Crosby are conveniently linked with writers of the calibre of Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway; William Faulkner is associated with a writer of made-to-order publishers' merchandise like Matthew Josephson. Mr. Crosby, in fact, becomes the hero of this collection of futilitarians merely because he committed suicide. From the evidence, he was simply a spoiled little rich boy, ruined by too much of Papa's cash, too many drinks and too many meaningless amours. Now that Mr. Cowley has become a proletarian, he must admit that all he has written is a glorification of one of the idlest of the Idle Rich.

This desperate effort to connect the Æsthètes with the literature of the new younger American authors has a real significance. They must justify their almost non-productive and always totally unimportant literary existence. A writer who has produced nothing of any distinction between twenty-five and forty, usually the most seminal years, must be considered sterile, especially in a country which counts its literary generations by decennial periods, as against the three generations to a century of older countries. Mr. Cowley was thirty-one when his first little book of verse appeared. At thirty-six he is writing his second book, an irrelevant autobiography, mostly concerned with people who, like himself, have achieved nothing. Most of the contributors to "Civilization in the United States," which he dismisses so airily, were his age when that work appeared. A comparison of the books they had then published with those produced in the same number of years by Mr. Cowley and his pot-companions would be illuminating.

The reasons for their literary futility are only too clear from Mr. Cowley's own confessions. When they were not engaged in beating up each other or some waiter, they were endlessly engaged in the adolescent pastime of discovering that Queen Ann is dead. Now, one gathers, some of them have discovered economics, others are trying to read Marx. The meagre results are either platitudinous or pathetic. In a very special sense, Mr. Cowley does represent a lost literary generation—a generation well lost.

YOU HAVE TO TAKE IT

by JEROME WEIDMAN

MY Uncle Zisha, God bless him, is a nuisance. He is over seventy and we have to be nice to him, but even father, who is bald as an egg, says he gets in his hair.

We don't mind the fact that he's always around. After all, that can't be helped. He is an old man and he has no other place to go. We try to make the best of it. So we say we don't mind his being around all the time. Really, we don't.

People who know our troubles say it's our own fault. "Why do you live so near him? Why don't you move away?"

We've tried that. It only makes it worse. He insists on coming, no matter what the distance, and when it is very far he is all tired out, sometimes ill, and he has to stay with us for a few days. No, thank you. We've tried that. It's easier this way. At least he goes home at night.

Everybody objects to him for a different reason. Father says he is in his way. Mother claims he eats too much and makes too much noise. My sister says he makes the house filthy and she can't bring her friends in. What I object to is his advice.

Of course, I can't say that at home. I mean, I can't say, "Look here, Pa, what I object to about Uncle Zisha, God bless him, is his advice."

First of all, he would think I am crazy, and secondly, it wouldn't do any good. You see, in our family it has to be something concrete. Food, now, that's something you can put your finger on. If he eats a lot, that's an objection. Or if he messes up the place, that's one too. But advice? What's wrong with that?

And if I should mention it to my father, he probably would want to know since when I became so sensitive on that score. Ever since I can remember he's been lamenting the fact that his children refuse to heed him, never take his advice, or listen to him. Then why so sensitive all of a sudden?

I might try explaining to him that while fathers are free with their advice, they manage to dish it out with a degree of delicacy and tact, not like a seventy-year-old uncle, God bless him.

Many times it is very embarrassing. Especially when a third party is present, like my mother. The exasperating thing is that you're in it up to your neck before you know it.

For instance, assume that it is Saturday night, and I am dressing to go out.

"Where you going?" he wants to know.

"Out."

"Out! Listen to him! Out! What am I? A dope? Can't I see you're going out? Where are you going out?"

"Just out, Uncle Zisha."

"Look at him! His own uncle he's afraid to tell the truth! Am I going to bite you? Am I going to eat you up? What are you afraid of? Where you going out?"

"Just a dance."

I try to hurry out, but I should know better. For an old man, he is still pretty spry. He follows me into the kitchen.

"To a dance, hah? That means girls, no?"

This is where it begins to become embarrassing. The kitchen is my mother's domain. Some day, perhaps, if Uncle Zisha, God bless him, doesn't outlive me, I will learn not to carry the battle into dangerous territory.

Sometimes I try to disregard him. But it can't be done.

"A dance means girls, no? Answer me! No?"

"Why, yes, Uncle Zisha. I suppose so."

"What do you mean you suppose so? Don't you know?"

"Sure I know."

"Then why don't you say so? What are you afraid of? You got something to hide? You afraid of your old uncle?"

Always, when there is a lull, I begin to hope it is all over. But always I hope in vain. It is never over.

"What kind girls you go with?"

"Ma," I say, "can I have a glass of milk?"

"Milk he needs all of a sudden," my Uncle Zisha, God bless him, breaks in. "I asked you a question. What kind girls you go with?"

"What do you mean, Uncle Zisha?"

"What I mean? Listen to him! What I mean? I mean do they look like horses or do they look like dogs or something. Now you know what I mean?"

"Ha, ha, ha. That's a good one. Horses or dogs. Ha, ha, ha." Laughing doesn't do any good, and I know it, but I always try just the same.

"Look at him! Listen to him! From his old uncle he laughs."

"Aw, gee, Uncle Zisha, you know I'm not laughing at you."

"Then why don't you tell me? What kind girls you go out with? How they look?"

"They look all right, uncle. They're O.K."

"They're all right, hah? They're O.K., hah? They read books maybe?"

"Sure, uncle, I suppose so."

"You suppose so? Don't you know?"

"Why, yes. Sure I know. Sure they read books. They read lots of books."

By this time my mother and the rest of the family are attentive listeners, and my collar is beginning to wilt. I hurry to my room for my hat and my coat, my uncle and the family behind me.

"So they read a lot of books, hah?" He follows me around, musing aloud. "So you don't know if they look like horses, and they read a lot of books. They look just O.K., hah? And they read a lot of books. Well, let me give you a bit of advice, my boy."

I knew it. I knew it was coming. But what could I do?

I make my last futile effort.

"I'm in a hurry, uncle. I've got to run. I'll see you tomorrow."

But does that stop him? Not Uncle Zisha, God bless him. As I pass the front of the house I can see his head sticking out of the window, with those of my mother, father and sister behind him.

"Just take the advice of your old uncle, my boy." I can hear his voice following me down the street. I know it's going to be a lulu. It always is. I know I'll be blushing for weeks whenever I see the members of my family. Hurrying won't help, I know that, so I even find myself slowing down not to miss a word.

"Just take the advice of your old uncle, my boy," Uncle Zisha, God bless him, is bawling after me, "and remember, it's better to sleep with a girl with high breasts and a low mind than a girl with low breasts and a high mind."

FLASHES FROM THE
MARXIAN FRONT

John Wexley to Columbia Pictures for "Pent-House Peggy".

John Howard Lawson to Paramount for "Pent-House Passion".

Samuel Ornitz to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Pursuing Peggy".

Nathan Asch to Fox Pictures for "Pent-House Pay-off".

Sidney Howard to United Artists for "They Knew What Peggy Wanted".

COLOSSUS

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

GO to Boulder Dam at dawn, when the sun's mounting intensity sanctions feverish human effort, and remain in the canyon to watch the seven o'clock shift. Hundreds of feet below the spectators' promenade you will see the badly paid Lilliputians who labor in this rock-walled Hell, surging down the concrete terraces, then tramping single-file with the relentless rhythm of marching ants.

Fresh workers, bellies snug with breakfast furnished by the Six Companies in Boulder City, pour into the grim catacombs in slow counter-movement. The sky is burnished copper, but they won't see it. The black walls of the canyon are scarred with tunnel-bores and taut cables suspend railed platforms loaded with silent men, lowering and raising them into the abyss. Giant buckets crammed with tons of cement hurtle from a ledge, plunge downward and dump their loads. Trucks crawl in grinding procession, engines snort, cranes creak, machinery pounds and the subterranean roar rises to merge with the shrill clatter of air-drills, the shrieks of steam whistles, and the shouts of men.

To the West, far below, the muddy torrents of the Colorado tumble back into their channel from the diversion tunnels. The gorge twists and the river is gone, lost among sprawling mountains whose serrated peaks stab the sky's harsh brilliance.

They are building Boulder Dam.

It is half finished. It will cost one hundred million dollars. Six sovereign states bickered over their share of it. It was to have taken seven years to build. More than seven thousand human moles have sweated and stunk and rotted in the rock-hewn bowels of the earth for it. Their faces were damp with the misery of heart-strangling toil in desert heat, their lungs raw with the fetid air of tunnels, their flesh caked and dry. Their nerves were deadened by concussion and detonation, their stomachs raw with Las Vegas rot-gut, their pride humbled by scrip wages and contractors' callousness.

But America is getting her Boulder Dam. It will be the largest, the finest, the most costly in the world.

All America is going into Boulder Dam, its century and a half of progress and material power, the pioneer spirit, the courage, yes, even the poetry. The sweeping epic of sticks and stones, steam and electricity, steel and machine. Creation, that's what it is. Imagination, heroic enterprise. The forces that made us what we are as a people and a nation: great, proud and unhappy.

You feel all this at Boulder Dam. It surges up in you, powerfully, and smashes indifference. This thing is partly yours. It will endure as a monument to your age, an eternal commentary on your civilization. You can't watch without a feeling of pride, without sensuous response to the bedlam of sound, the awesomeness of the setting, the clean, mechanical dispatch of the magnificent undertaking. Hell, how beautiful it is!

But you have to wonder, too.

The Colossus begins to function in 1936.

It will impound the melted snows from the Continental Divide, the churning waters which ever carve the Grand Canyon of the Colorado deeper, into a lake one hundred miles long. A new scenic wonder and pleasure resort whose shores will be lined with hot-dog parlors and ten-cents-a-dance pavillions, on whose placid surface our unemployed swains may float while they tinker with ukuleles and their lassies.

Its managed acre-feet of water will be used to reclaim and irrigate thousands of square miles of parched desert so that farmers may drudge from dawn till night increasing the over-production of crops, which the government will use in any conceivable manner except to feed the millions of hungry citizens who are victims of economic maladjustment.

Its regimented dynamos will produce millions of volts of elec-

tricity to be sold to corrupt public utility companies which in turn will overcharge consumers and encourage new and wasteful industries with cheap-power bait.

And at Parker Dam, further on, the controlled waters will speed, via a colossal aqueduct, now in construction at the cost of \$150,000,000, toward the aggressive City of Los Angeles, where they will be used to anoint more gaudy real-estate subdivisions and quench the righteous thirst of an increasingly migratory populace which seeks proximity to Mr. Grauman's movie premières.

When the work is done and the bill paid, the government will wash its hands of Boulder Dam.

Just now it is puzzled by a little problem of nomenclature, made acute by a sense of political *noblesse oblige*.

Shall behemoth be called Boulder Dam, which was its working title, or shall the present administration generously commemorate an extinct dodo, the erstwhile Republican Party, by naming it after Herbie Hoover?

Gazing with rapture at the portrait of Miss Beatrix Lehmann, and recalling their previous endorsement of her sister Rosamund, the Editors of The American Spectator, speaking in terms of pulchritude, insist that the Lehmanns must be the James family of England.

HIS EXCELLENCY,
GEORGE WASHINGTON

by BRANCH CABELL

WITH some slight ambiguousness, Sir, has that nation to which you stand *in loco parentis* evinced its filial piety by making yours the most frequently met with of human faces throughout America. At first glance it might well be esteemed flattering that your portrait should adorn our dollar bills and our most often used postage stamps. Yet in its monetary form is the compliment open to question in so far that at the instant I write no living creature knows what an American dollar may represent before sunset, beyond the certainty of its being something rather different to-morrow morning; nor upon consideration am I persuaded that any really reflective person would care to be commemorated on a postage stamp, which begins its career by being spit on, and ends by being punched in the face.

None the less is it fitting that your grave and wary features should grace that present puzzle, the American dollar, and that you should preside, whether in kingly scarlet or in imperial purple, over the enigmas of every day's mail. For you, when all is said, and when your innumerable biographers have striven their utmost, you remain, still, a mystery. In the aforementioned portraits your likeness to the Great Sphinx of Gizeh is plainly to be recognized; accident has a bit helped out the likeness, one grants, with the shape of your wig; and yet do you wear the resemblance justifiably. I at least, after reading I know not how many scores of books about you, books which explained you to your last least virtue and failing, find myself without any firm faith in any one of these explanations. It seems to me that with you, as with Shakespeare, it is not possible to divine your inmost nature; and that the biographers have but fumbled about both of you with countless wild gambols of guesswork.

In popular opinion, meanwhile, you endure as a sort of Americanized King Alfred—as the sublime and wise and painstakingly practical leader of a great people through dark times of disaster, as one who was always calm under fortune's malignity, and calm too in

the splendor of his ultimate triumph. Both of you seem a bit statuesque; and, in public imagination at least, you keep the immobility of a statue. Alfred, as the mind sees him, sits perpetually over the neatherd's cakes, with his wise, grave face lighted by the cottage fire: but you, Sir, you kneel forever in the too celebrated snow of Valley Forge, praying and half congealed. We feel somehow that at no time afterward were you quite thawed out.

Yet that also is guesswork. One does not assuredly know anything about you, as a human being. And it follows that your relations with posterity remain as formal and as unintimate as were your relations with most mortals who endured the somewhat tremendous moral strain of conversing with you in the flesh.

For what, after all, can any man existent declare, with any certainty, as to the person who lived behind your Sphinx-like countenance? We know that under the grave mask lurked always a violent, nay, a verily volcanic temper, arduously controlled; that you were, but well knew yourself to be, undesirably slow of wit, and controlled this weakness by speaking (upon the infrequent occasions when you spoke at all) only after a majestic amount of deliberation; and that, with an incredible steadfastness, you controlled every important step in your life by the dictates of common-sense.

"Controlled" I have said three times in the one sentence; it is the word which thought associates with you inevitably. Always, and in his every function, George Washington presents the spectacle of a superb if rather stiffish gentleman exercising, in some or another form, the virtue of self-control. But against what human frailties, what soft temptings, what inner whisperings, what doubts? Well, there you leave us, once more, to guesswork. We can assert only that you lived in a perpetual, proud, and somewhat wary reserve, from which you were released just now and then by an outburst of your enormous, of your deific, anger.

Nor, I think, could much more than this be declared, with any certainty, by any person who observed you going stately about earth. With no man, after at any rate your boyhood had been put by, do you appear to have been even moderately familiar. Equally, after the first fervors of boyhood, did any of womankind fail ever to dispel your reserve. Twice, it is known, you went a-wooing formally; but upon each passionate pilgrimage was your guide common-sense, and the lady an heiress born of a family a good bit outranking the Washingtons.

Everywhere, in brief, do you, as a person, remain a mystery and a most fit symbol of the American dollar and of the unpredictable contents of the postman's mail-bag. Yet even though your nature be hidden, we are permitted to pry some distance into your thoughts.

For, by an odd turn, we know, and we know precisely, what you are forever thinking about on our postage stamps, and, to every appearance, on our dollar bills also. Gilbert Stuart himself has recorded how, when he set about painting this picture, he "despaired of finding in that composed and quiet face any expression of the qualities which the whole world knew and might reasonably expect in a portrait." He despaired, that is, until, on an afternoon walk, the two of you met a farmer who had overreached you, Sir, in a small trading transaction. At the sight of your quondam swindler "the spirit of the General and the President leaped forth"—and, to Mr. Stuart's vast joy, your features took on just the expression which he needed and has faithfully preserved for posterity upon our two- and three-cent stamps.

In brief, Sir, you endure among us in the attitude of a gentleman who is conscious of having been swindled. And I, for one, I would very much prefer to regard the fact as an unexplained dispensation of Providence, that at every turn our Democracy should be faced by the Father of the Country in this particular frame of mind.

For more than any other man you contributed to our making

as a nation: without any dissent the Republic acclaims you its founder. Yet is it true that the régime which you meant to perpetuate was but an extension of the benevolent Virginian oligarchy into which you had so stiffly and resolutely climbed, to become its chief ornament. And your opinion as to any lackwit who put faith in the French poisons of Democracy you were at pains, during the latter years of your life, to express with exactitude: "My opinion is that you could as soon scrub the blackamoor white as to change the principle of a professed Democrat, and that he will leave nothing unattempted to overthrow the government of this country."

So I am afraid there is no getting around the fact that you expected to have the national and local affairs of America administered by the gentry of America. Not to foresee the future is very often the reward of self-sacrifice, one rejoices to note. And it occurs to me that if ever, in the fashion of Macbeth, you had been granted a vision of your successors in the Presidency, you would for no long while have retained the relatively mild purple tints which you wear on our postage stamps. . . . But at this point I shudder; and hastily I dismiss the too harrowing mental picture. One cannot bear to think of George Washington as being thus bedevilled by a Polk or a Johnson, or thus haunted by a Hayes and a Harding. One feels—somehow—that in any such circumstances the Sphinx would once more have spoken, deifically and without restraint.

No (I conclude), the remarks of George Washington when confronted by his successors are remarks which simply do not bear thinking about. So I elect instead, Sir, to think about your achievements. They were stupendous: for you created that vast America which the rest of the world to-day contemplates, if not exactly with unbridled envy, at least with appropriate emotions. Your work endures, forever increasingly. And yet no hour passes wherein I do not find you observing your life's work, your so laboriously fashioned and your so incredible creation, with the countenance of a very great, grave gentleman who has been swindled. It is a fact from which I prefer to educe no moral.

MUSICAL TRAFFIC-COPS

by GUSTAV KLEMM

PLAYING symphonies and listening to them has become a serious business. Tail-coated burghers approach their symphonies with all the solemn reverence they assume for display at a well-conducted funeral. Any demonstration more violent than a raised eyebrow at the close of a symphonic movement is taboo. Let a man give so much as a single hand-clap at the conclusion of, say the *allegro non troppo* of the Franck D minor and he invites social ostracism. The last inadvertent hand-clap heard at a symphony concert was in the spring of 1932; the guilty man went into a disgraceful retirement from which, in all probability, he will never emerge.

Not that the urge to applaud doesn't beset nine out of ten normally constituted concert-goers. How can any one sit through a movement of one of the world's great symphonies, a movement compounded of superb themes handled in a brilliant manner by a musical genius, the whole developing into a thrilling climax for full orchestra with strings, percussion, wood-wind and brass going full-tilt—how can any one experience the stirring, smashing climax of such a movement and do no more at the end but sit and twiddle his thumbs? The need for an emotional outlet of some sort is as natural as to cry out at the stick of a pin. But concert-goers stifle their difficultly restrained impulses, browbeaten into silence by the lifted arms of the conductor, a sort of musical traffic-cop standing at the symphonic crossroads and signalling "Stop!"

The spectacle is as pathetic as it is absurd. Both conductor and orchestra yearn for the applause of approval and the audience

itches to award it, but silence spreads its deadening mantle over the entire scene. The orchestra men look sheepishly at one another, the conductor looks down his nose, and the audience, still dazed at its sudden descent from Parnassus to parquet, starts reading the personnel of the orchestra for the forty-first time. Applause, to super-sensitive souls, may not be the ideal method of signifying approval but it has served well for generations; it provides an excellent emotional relief and until a better method is discovered it would be advisable to place no restriction on its use.

The whole thing, of course, is a pose and, like all poses, ridiculous. It belongs in the same class with the idea that no mention should be made to an obviously expectant mother of the child she is carrying. Or that a true gentleman should yank off his right glove in a blizzard to grasp the dirty palm of a casual acquaintance.

In the old days, applause at the close of any well-played movement of a symphony was as inevitable as a cheer when Babe Ruth swats a homer. It was a spontaneous reaction, a reaction beneficial to conductor, orchestra and audience.

During the season of 1930-31, Leopold Stokowski, the little blond father of the Philadelphia forces, having earlier, and with success, castigated the seat-slamers, rattlers of programs and hissers, decided to rule out applause as something unseemly and ill-bred. He made it appear that the man who would applaud during a symphony would go to a concert in a turtle-neck sweater, yellow shoes, a cap, and with a three-days' growth of beard. Accordingly, at the conclusion of all but the final movement, he would stand with arms outspread, as though ready and eager for flight into some better world. At first, the tableau wasn't interpreted correctly and vulgar applause resulted. But what with persistent shushing at concert after concert, the emotionally normal concert-goers began to get the idea. Before the season was over, the leonine Leopold was able to abandon his traffic-cop methods; nothing but long and slightly embarrassed faces greeted the close of all but the final movement.

This condition is sufficiently bad and unhealthy, but a greater danger lies in its spreading. What, for instance, is to keep our more delicately adjusted aesthetes from ruling out applause until the very end of the evening's concert? Something of this sort is done in the theatre, where the cast makes no public acknowledgment of the applause until after the final curtain has been lowered. The no-applause advocates of the concert hall have occasionally used this argument in support of their policy, but the parallel is hardly exact. To ask the cast of a play to smirk its smiles at the fall of each act's curtain is to ask them to step out of character and to shatter any illusions they may have succeeded in creating. In the concert hall, however, the conductor is the orchestra's representative and he surely sacrifices none of his carefully groomed dignity by bowing a few times from the waist in response to whatever applause may greet the close of a symphony movement he has just conducted.

What is to stop the no-applause idea from spreading to recitals where it would become the fashion to withhold applause until the end of each group of songs? Or, to return to the concert hall and at the risk of appearing a bit facetious, what is to keep the symphony composer of the future from putting all his best thematic eggs in the basket of his final movement? Or, and this is the most serious prospect of all, what is to prevent this no-applause mania from spreading to a complete ban on the hand-clap, thus doing away with it not only during the symphony and at its conclusion, but also at the close of the evening's program? If this dread day comes to pass, we strongly suspect that the mistreated and thoroughly outraged composers will return from some distant Elysium, take up an indignant stand near the front of the stage, and thumb their noses at a considerably embarrassed audience.

There are, of course, a few exceptions among our major baton wielders who are crude enough to relish applause. Two of them

are Serge Koussevitzky and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The latter has been particularly outspoken in his advocacy of the hand-clap. "Whenever you like something," he once told Daniel Gregory Mason, "jump in with both feet and show it." Spoken like a man! (Philadelphia papers please copy.) He prefers those countries in southern Europe where the audience gives the huzzas when it is pleased and hisses when it isn't. Mark Twain's gifted son-in-law reminds us that conductors and orchestra men are artists and need appreciation. "It is a mistake to think you have done your part when you buy your tickets."

Applause is something that must be wooed, preferably by brilliant performances, and constant stifling is dangerous. What we need today is an immediate end to all non-stop conducting of symphonies and full freedom either to applaud or hiss, as the occasion deserves.

In this connection, we are reminded of the notice issued, in 1927, by the management of the highly successful Stadium Concerts, held for weeks every summer in New York. Attendance at these concerts is a truly exciting experience; when the audience likes a number, it shows it, *vide* this bulletin:

We would respectfully request that the audience refrain from throwing mats. While we appreciate and value the spirit and enthusiasm which prompts these demonstrations, in view of the fact that personal injuries have resulted we feel sure that the audience will refrain from this form of demonstration in future.

Stadium Concerts, Inc.

In commenting on this notice, Dr. Mason writes, "There is an audience for you! How infinitely more promising for the future of American music is an atmosphere of mats than an atmosphere of decorum!" Since the comfortable chairs in most of our concert halls make straw mats unnecessary, they are not available for demonstrations at the conclusion of each movement of a symphony. But we still have our hands and, if the average concert-goer is half the man he represents himself to be, he'll stop sitting on them and put them to work. Applause indicates approval; hisses, the opposite; silence, nothing.

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS AND GARBAGE CANS

by WALLING KEITH

Associate Editor, The Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser

SOUTHERN letters passed out of the Cavalier-Youth-Woos-Virgin-Daughter-of-Fine-Old-Southern-Colonel period some few years ago. Somehow, bright young novelists learned something of life, and the characters of the so-called Southern color novels began to take on more human emotions. The folk who peopled contemporary Southern literature proceeded to lose their neuter gender and began to act something like human beings rather than like symbols of Chastity, Gallantry and Victorian snobbery.

Portrayers of the Southern Scene for a while gave promise of developing into more or less normal-minded reporters of sectional life. But the break away from romanticism was just a bit too much. There arose a group of anemic young geniuses who believed—and who still believe—that rape in red clay gulleys is rather more picturesque than gentle seduction under the iris bushes.

Colonel Spottswood is a red-nosed lapper of raw corn liquor who lives in a weather-beaten mansion at the edge of a swamp with his motherless daughter, Angela.

The Colonel, one dank night, is returning to the big house from a rendezvous with Becky, a yellow nigger wench on the Spottswood place, who already has borne the Colonel three coffee-colored, gray-

eyed youngsters, when he almost steps on his daughter, Angela, and Ezra Miller, the town postmaster's assistant. Ezra crawls out from the high grass while Angela re-arranges her hair.

"Good evenin', suh," Ezra greets the Colonel.

"Good evenin'," says the Colonel. "Fine night, ain't it?"

"Tolable, thank you," says Ezra; "Angela an' I was jes' a sayin' that you might like a shot o' some cawn lickah I brought back from Vicksbu'g."

The Colonel steadies himself against an oak tree, and grasps a fruit-jar of potent corn juice in a shaky hand. He takes a man-sized swig, coughs, and wipes his nose on the edge of a frayed sleeve.

"Mighty good stuff, Ezra," the Colonel says. "Wal', I reckon I'll take it to bed. I got to shoot that damned nigger, Clarence, in the mawnin'. He's been foolin' around with one of my wenches."

Angela, who has been silently toying with a bowie knife, speaks up.

"Clarence?" she says. "You mean that big buck nigger with the cock-eye?"

"That's him, the damned scoundrel. I'm goin' to shoot his black guts out first thing after breakfast in the mawnin'."

"Needn't bother, papa," Angela says softly, reaching for a twig to pick her teeth; "Ezra's done cut the nigger's damn throat out. Ain't you Ezra?"

"Yes suh," says Ezra modestly, referring to the illegitimate birth of the dead man, "I cut his throat out on account o' him layin' up all night with that right black nigger gal on Uncle Gerald's place."

"Why you son of a Ga-damned cur dog, you!" says the Colonel, flashing his hand to his hip pocket. "So you been foolin' with that nigger gal yo'self!"

Ezra dodges, snaps out his jack-knife, and slashes the Colonel's jugular vein.

Angela stoops over her father.

"He's dead," she says. "Ezra you oughtn't to a done that."

"Well," says Ezra, "his time was about come nohow. Give me a shot of that cawn."

"The hell you say!" flares back Angela, her fine black eyes flashing in the moonlight. "You done had two drinks up on me."

"Give me that lickah, I tell you," says Ezra; "I got to go tell the Sheriff to send somebody after the corpse in the mawnin' an' it's a dank, cold night."

"You done had more'n yo' share of this heah lickah," says Angela, "and they ain't no Ga-damn Republican postoffice clerk can gyp me out lickah he's done promised me."

Ezra seizes the fruit-jar.

"You Ga-damn yellow cur!" shouts Angela. "You done spilt more'n half of that cawn."

Angela holds her hand aloft and brings her bowie knife into Ezra's chest. Ezra falls to the ground beside the corpse of Angela's father.

"Now, I reckon that'll keep you, Ga-damn yo' rusty soul," says Angela taking a swig of the Vicksburg corn. "Jes' stay there an' rot till the buzzards come along."

And Angela, with the remainder of the liquor under her arm, trips lightly on her way to the cabin of Jonathan Burnside, who has two blankets on his pallet and enough sidemeat for two at breakfast.

For some time previously Savoian's business had not been thriving, and as work became more and more scarce he began to think about trying his fortune in another country. He had relatives who had emigrated to America and settled in the San Joaquin Valley in California, and he had heard from them that the climate there was warm and that it was not at all difficult to make a decent living. By the time his slender source of income had been quite thoroughly strangled by a stray tentacle of the huge devil-fish of world depression, Savoian was ready to move. So he packed up his belongings, his wife and family of five children, invested a large part of his small savings in a steerage passage to New York, and having arrived there he loaded them on a day coach and came to Fresno.

When the cold winter of 1933-1934 settled its gray pall of fog over the San Joaquin Valley, Savoian was still without a job, his money nearly gone and his family somewhat pinched and pale from the first stages of undernourishment and worry. But his friends told him about a "new deal" which was in progress, and how there were going to be jobs for everyone who needed them; so he lost no time in finding the employment office.

There were crowds of men at the employment office in those days all packed into a bare room with a cement floor, no windows and no heat. The air was cold and stale with tobacco smoke and the smell of unventilated human bodies, and it was noisy with the blurred dissonance of male conversation. At intervals a voice from the office in front would call for silence, and Savoian would find himself caught in a surge toward the connecting door beyond which applicants were examined and assignments given for work.

Savoian managed to get past the door on several occasions, but always it turned out that for some reason he was rejected and sent back to wait some more. Once it was because he was not a war veteran; another time because he did not live inside the city limits; and again because he had not registered prior to a certain date.

Savoian did not understand English well enough to know just which men were being called for and he was rebuked for getting in line when he was not supposed to. After the first time or two, the men in the office got wise to him and would head him off at the door. They tried to explain why it was that he was not chosen, and why they could not give him a job just yet, but he never could get it through his head very well.

After a while they began to feel sorry for him because he was so much in earnest and so naïvely hopeful, and they would have been only too glad to give him a job just to get rid of him, but they had rules setting forth the order of preferences for selecting men, and they had no authority to place a man from a lower class while there were men available in the class above him.

Savoian was at the office every morning when it was opened and he stayed until it was closed at night. Sometimes he would go around to the front desk and ask in his faltering English if there was a job for him; and because they were usually very busy and because they had learned the futility of trying to make him understand and could not resist a feeling of chagrin at being moved to sympathy and not being able to do anything, the men in the office wasted few words on him and would turn away and go about their business.

After about three weeks of this a rumor was spread about, growing out of some misinterpreted information from Washington, that it was necessary to join a labor union in order to get a job. So Savoian went to the hall and paid a few dollars as an advance on his membership dues. He came back to the employment office then, smiling because he had at last hit upon the solution of his difficulties, presented his receipt at the desk and asked, "You give me a job now?" But he only met with another rebuff, and after having carefully shown his receipt to every employee in the office on successive calls he realized that this little slip of paper was not after all the open sesame which he had believed it would be.

WINTER EPISODE

by MALCOLM BAIRD

ARAM SAVOIAN is a comparatively new arrival in our community. A little over a year ago he was working in some town in Turkey, or Armenia, as an engraver of cards and stationery, a trade which suited him very well because he was a quiet man and being an engraver did not require the quality of aggressiveness or the ability to drive a hard bargain.

After that Savoian gave up going to the employment office, and perhaps also gave up any hope that he ever had of getting a job. You may see him sometimes standing on a street corner engaged in a cheerless conversation with a countryman or friend. His face beneath the once brown skin is an ashen gray, and the dark eyes behind the thick lenses of his glasses are watery and rimmed with red. If he looks at you as you go by, his stare will not make you think so much of human suffering as of the bewildered expression of an animal in pain.

MOTOR TRIP

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT'S the thing my wife laughs at—a crazy desire to go anywhere I start to go right off.

Five hundred lousy miles.

When I started I picked up a Macon, Georgia, boy, a student at Emery College, in Atlanta (Methodist).

"Where you going?" I asked. "I won't have you unless you can drive."

"To Westminster, Pa."

"Why?"

"To sell Bibles."

"Get in."

* * *

I'd haul anyone to Westminster, Pa., to sell Bibles but he was a good driver at that.

Hell, but the revolution is a long way off!

He had white stockings and plenty of innocence.

"You got plenty of nerve to think you can sell anything to these Pennsylvania Dutch," says I.

"Yes," says he, "but they are good pay when you do sell them."

I thought he'd succeed.

He talked quite a spell about Emery College.

"How's the English department down there?"

That kind of a lead, you know.

He said they had a swell man on Shakespeare.

"He's been to Avon," says he.

"The hell he has!" says I.

* * *

I got driving drunk. I picked this Emery flower in Tennessee—542 miles from York, Pa., from where I write this. It was early morning, the day in a daze of equalization.

I guess he's pretty characteristic—a pretty decent Bible selling kid.

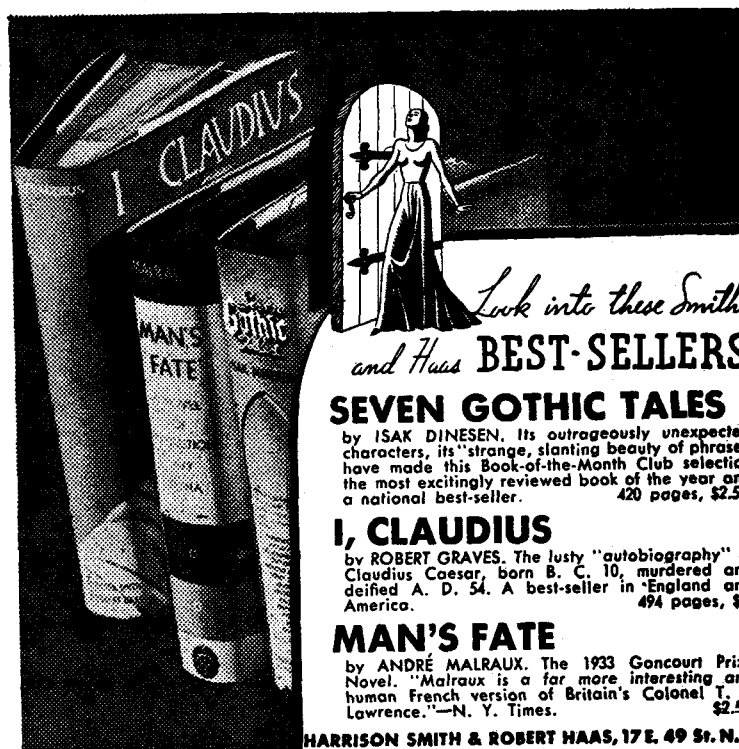
He didn't know a damn thing that would be any encouragement to anyone I know, but he could drive a Chevrolet.

"You'd have to be some kid to sell even Bibles to these Pennsylvania Dutch."

"Yes, I know, but if you do sell them they pay."

* * *

How can you beat the good American. What I say is—let him alone.



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SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 24

By the Associated Press

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—The Rev. I. H. Kelly, former pastor of the Second Baptist Church, filed suit today asking the congregation to sell the church property to pay his back salary. The pastor, who was connected with the church from 1904 until December, 1933, gives the overdue salary as \$2,269.61, including several hundred dollars said to be due his daughter for her services as church organist.

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BULLETS FOR BARROW AND BONNIE

by HAROLD PREECE

TEXAS is all agog over the recent killing of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. Thousands of insatiably curious men and women, unmindful of the grief-stricken Barrow and Parker families, jammed the mortuaries where the riddled bodies were being prepared for interment. Individuals who would have run like rabbits had they encountered Barrow and Bonnie a few weeks before, invaded the rooms of the dead and heaped imprecations upon the two corpses. The intrepid Texas Rangers (particularly intrepid when ganged together) had satisfied the mob's instinct for savagery and its cowering regard for "law and order." Had the two principals been black instead of "poor white," their bodies would have been burnt in a joyous saturnalia. As it was, the gals and boys had their fun; and perhaps the grim masks of Clyde and Bonnie relaxed slightly in sardonic smiles.

Quantitatively, how shall we measure the sins of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker? Killers of probably a dozen men, rugged individualists of a classic formula, they were perhaps morally superior to some of their worst critics. So far as we know, Clyde and Bonnie made no pretense of being useful and respectable citizens. They shot quickly and expertly, but were never guilty of slowly starving thousands to death. When the gunman and his girl robbed a bank, they simply went in and appropriated all the currency in sight without recourse to the pious routine of a directors' meeting. The truth is that the whole organized public chase after these petty-fry criminals was simply an effort of some wholesale thieves and murderers to exterminate a couple of upstart competitors.

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker were the poisoned by-products of a vicious and diseased social system. The example of their callousness was set by men whom we politely designate as "successful", and who have this in common with the most moronic cut-purse: that they live without working. Barrow spent a great part of his youth in West Dallas, the worst environment for a young thug of any place in the South. In West Dallas, underfed laborers work occasionally at the cement plant and bootleg between times. Their daughters grow up to enter the bawdy-houses and their sons take up more or less permanent residence in High Five of the Dallas County jail. The missionaries from the fashionable Dallas churches come across the river, caterwaul, and occasionally snatch a soul from the burning. But, by and large, the average denizen of West Dallas fulfills the destiny imposed upon him by the system.

Clyde Barrow was a youth of some spirit, a boy whose restless energies might have been diverted into wholesome channels under a decent environment. Instinctively, his mind revolted against the pious advice of his shabby toil-worn mother to "work hard, trust in God, and marry a good girl." His father had followed such a course, and all that he had ever accumulated was an extra suit of blue denims. Weren't the papers always telling about the big money that guys like Capone and J. P. Morgan made by using their heads? None of that soft stuff for this baby! Clyde finished his apprenticeship of petty thievery with honors, and later graduated *magna cum laude* from the state penitentiary at Huntsville.

In the adventurous, tight-lipped young gunman, the girl, Bonnie Parker, found fulfillment. A sensitive woman addicted to the reading of novels would have visualized the conventional young millionaire as her ideal. Bonnie, a virile type who had never read anything more romantic than *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, wanted a man with guts, and plenty of them. At nineteen, a wise-cracking young divorcée well-known to the vice squad, she met her man, fresh from the pen. From the time of their meeting until the day they were killed on a country road in Louisiana, the two were inseparable.

Captain Frank Hamer, of the Texas Rangers, was not thinking of sociology as he and his associates lay in ambush for the gunman and his moll. A crook is a crook—so far as Captain Hamer sees and no further. The captain thought only of the two extra notches which he might whittle on a six-shooter already muchly carved. In fact, one might think that the captain was directly interested in bigger and better Clyde Barrows. His dynamite frame-up against Communists in the East Texas oil fields proved to be a fiasco; but you can just bet the captain will not miss a chance to embarrass "them Reds" who plan to do away with both cops and criminals.

A few minutes and the show was over. To make sure of the job, the officers kept shooting after the car had careened under the lifeless hands of Barrow and had rolled down an embankment. Whoopee! Six-gallon Texas hats were thrown into the air as the owners of the hats became delirious with visions of reward money. "We gave 'em a chance," Captain Hamer told reporters. "When they didn't halt, we let 'em have it. And that's all there air to it, as the little boys say."

Some day, under a more sane civilization, when psychology and eugenics shall be part of a broad program for all mankind, we may conclude that "there air more to it" than the limited imagination of Captain Hamer can picture. When we have a truly scientific technique for measuring the individual by his environment, we can produce surroundings which will make impossible the development of Clyde Barrows and Bonnie Parkers. But certainly that technique will not be evolved by decorating one ruffian with a tin star and ordering him to execute another ruffian.

In the meantime, I hope that Clyde's friends will not take too seriously the words of the ministers who preached their pal into Hell. I have an idea that bloody old Yahveh will welcome him into the Hangout and introduce him to such hard-boiled eggs as Torquemada and Joshua. It seems a pretty sorry business to send a fellow to a post-mortem Hell when he has never known anything but Hell while alive.

ETIQUETTE: AMERICAN STYLE

by WILLIAM RANSTED BERRY

WE sat in the smoke-room of the *Olympic* on the last night before arriving at New York.

The stout American paid for a round of drinks.

The English steward said, "Thank you, Sir."

The American made a face; not a pretty one.

"Thank God I won't hear that again for a long time!" he exclaimed.

"Hear what?" I asked.

"Why, that God-damned ever-lastin' 'thank you' they feed you on in England. It makes me sick to my stumik."

"Then you don't care for good manners—politeness?"

The American glared.

"Politeness? Hell! That's not politeness. That's just parrot-talk. I can be polite—a damn sight politer than any Englishman—when I want to be."

I gave him the interval of appreciation which was its due.

"Doesn't one say 'thank you' in America?" I asked, presently.

I was really curious to know.

The American slapped one of his huge thighs with a report like a pistol shot.

"Oh Boy!" he shouted. "You try it!"

Well, I have tried it.

Here are a few results for what they are worth.

* * *

The lounge of the *Olympic* shortly after leaving Quarantine.

Behind a graceful card-table sits a United States Immigration official; a greasy, unshaven Pole, or possibly a Greek, in a sweat-stained khaki uniform much too tight for him. He looks as out of place as a mandrill in the Vatican.

He returns my passport by slapping it down on the table in front of me.

I pick it up, and say, "Thank you."

He looks up, surprised.

"Wazzat?—Oh, no trouble 'tall. Fergit it, Mister.—Who's next there? You, lady? Well, step on it! I ain't had no breakfast yet."

* * *

Joe's Shoe Shine Parlor.

Behind a counter two pasty-faced, under-sized Italians morosely thump and steam a couple of indifferent looking felt hats. Near the door, in a chair with a burst cane seat, sits a third, croaking at monotonous intervals to a passing public: "Shine? Shine? Shine?" A fourth, giving me a murderous look as of one disturbed in the absorbing exercise of sadistic reflections, attacks my shoes with ferocity yet with unerring skill.

Presently I tender ten cents for the shine and five cents for the operator.

He takes both and says nothing.

I say, "Thank you."

He instantly ceases to ply his whisk on my clothes, and goggles at me.

I leave the shop, but pause long enough in the doorway to hear behind me: "Jeezis! Did you hear that guy? Must be a fairy."

* * *

The notion counter of a large department store where I have just purchased some toe-guards wherewith to isolate one of America's first gifts: an attack of "Athlete's Foot".

I receive a small parcel and some silver from a hand whiter than fresh Alpine snows, though the tips of the fingers—or is it the finger-nails only?—appear to have been freshly dipped in blood.

I say, "Thank you."

Instantly an astonishing and complicated red-white-and-blue smile—lips, dimples, eyes—plays upon me, while the sharp point of a lead pencil seeks sources of irritation in a more than platinum scalp.

"O-o-o-o! You're English, ain't you? I just *love* to hear English people talk. Have you just come over?"

I start to say something, but: "Ugh-huh. On your way to Hollywood, I guess. But you don't look like much of an actor. No, I mean you don't look much like an actor. See what I mean? Sometimes I get to thinking faster than I can talk, I guess. I say what I don't mean, and then I have to say it all over again, and say it different. Well, I guess you know what I mean, don't you?"

I try again, but: "Ugh-huh. I knew you were English the minute you said 'thank you'. I can spot an Englishman that way, or an English dame for that matter, every time. Sometimes they say it before you've even had a chance to do anything for them. That's funny, ain't it? I tell the other girls that that's a good example of 'thank you for nothing', but of course that means something different again—something insulting—well, maybe not insulting—but—anyway, you know what I mean, don't you?"

I opened my lips to reply, but: "Ugh-huh. Look here, I gotta go now. There's a customer down there on my right waiting for service—and is she getting burned up! You got your purchase and your change?—Goo-bye! Remember me to Hollywood."

Yet that is not quite all.

The red-white-and-blue smile achieves a new and incredible brilliance as she leans across the counter and exclaims in the friendliest whisper possible, "Thank you!"

* * *

My bedroom at the Club.

I have rung for the valet and have given him certain instructions about my clothes, etc.

Then it comes.

The real thing; what the toe-guard girl might call "the works".

"Very good, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Imported, of course; as you were about to say. Quite. As un-American as a ripe Stilton, and as satisfying. Furthermore, I do not believe it cost him anything to say it, nothing whatever in the way of dignity or self-esteem, except perhaps the few infinitesimal terms expended in a pleasurable glow of satisfaction because he complied with a convention—a delightful and harmless conspiracy of good manners—which he and I both appreciate and enjoy.

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JESUS CONSTANTINA

by OSCAR BARADINSKY

WHEN I came into the Eureka Cafeteria for breakfast that morning Gus was not there. Usually when I come in, I see him standing there behind the counter in front of the three big silver coffee urns, smiling darkly and twirling the check-puncher on his thumb. He knows that all I eat for breakfast is rolls and coffee and, by the time I get to the counter, he's already filling the cup with coffee in anticipation of my order. I live above the cafeteria and I've been eating there for many years. I know Gus well. And he knows me too.

But this morning, as soon as I came in, I noticed there was someone else in Gus's place. That was another fellow who worked there, and all I knew about him was that his name was Bill. I told him what I wanted and then, after I gave him my check to punch, I asked him where Gus was.

"The boss went down to the pier this morning," he said. "He's going to bring back his nephew who's coming over from Greece. He went to the pier on 17th Street. That's where the ship is coming in, I guess."

The next morning, when I came in for breakfast, Gus was back and in his usual place behind the counter.

"Well, Gus," I said, "they tell me you're bringing all your relatives over from the old country."

"That's right, sport," he laughed. "All my relatives."

"What are you going to do with them when you've got them here, Gus?" asked the fellow sitting next to me. "Don't you know there's enough unemployed people in the country as it is?"

"Oh," said Gus, "this is just a young boy. He won't take up much room. That's my brother's boy. He wants to learn the restaurant business. So I bring him over here."

He walked over to the end of the counter to take a check and ring up the amount and then he came back to us.

"He can't talk American very good yet," he said. "So I got him in the kitchen washing dishes for a few weeks until he learns how. Then I put him behind the counter here to wait on people."

He looked in the direction of the kitchen where the rattling and ringing of dishes and silver testified to the activity there.

"He's a good boy," said Gus, "only he can't talk good American yet. You see that's my brother Thomas's oldest boy. My brother Thomas is a shoemaker over there in Greece, but that's no trade for a good smart boy like my nephew. You understand? So about two months ago I got a letter from my brother in which he asks me how's the chance over here in America for a good smart boy like his son to learn the restaurant business and make a living. So I say, sure, send him over here and I learn him the restaurant business. You understand? So he send him over and yesterday morning I went down to the ship and bring him back and give him a job. As soon as he learns to talk good American I let him wait on people."

* * *

One night, about two weeks later, it was raining hard, so I stayed upstairs in my room and sat near the windows reading and watching it come down and hit the ground. Later in the evening the room got damp and chilly, because it was early Spring and the steam heat had been shut off several weeks before. I decided to go downstairs for coffee before I went to bed. There was no one in the cafeteria. When the door slammed shut after me, Gus's head popped out of the kitchen door to see who it was and, when he saw me, he smiled that dark smile of his and said, "Come on in here and meet my nephew."

I went behind the counter and into the kitchen after Gus. The cook was sitting on a wooden box in the corner reading a

newspaper and beside him on another box sat a boy peeling potatoes. When I came in he looked up at me.

"That's my brother's boy," said Gus. "His name is Jesus."

The boy smiled and nodded his head but said nothing, and I looked at Gus because I thought he was joking. He must have seen the unbelieving look in my eyes because he said, "That's right. His name is Jesus Constantina. You don't believe me, eh? His last name is the same like mine, Constantina. That's my brother's name too." He laughed and slapped my shoulder hard and said, "In Greece there's lots of men with the name Jesus."

The boy was probably about sixteen years old. He had bright black hair, combed back curved and smooth on his head, so that it looked like patent leather, and his eyes were black and lustrous too. His nose was thin and fine but a bit long and he had a girl's mouth and chin. It looked rather incongruous to see him sitting there and peeling potatoes. The soiled white coat he wore was several sizes too large for him. He had rolled the sleeves of it up to his elbows, and the way they hung sagging made me think of a shivering girl in a man's overcoat.

Gus said something to him in Greek and the boy looked up and smiled again and answered him in Greek, laughing over the last few words. I noticed the dark spaces in his mouth where teeth were missing.

"He says he's please to meet you," Gus explained.

I went back into the cafeteria and had my coffee and then I went upstairs and got into bed, but I was awake a long time thinking about Gus and his nephew. The notion rolled about in my head persistently that the boy's face was exactly like those of all the Christs I had ever seen in museums and art galleries. The dark hair, the Semitic cheek-bones, the compassionate sorrow of the closed eyes, the exquisite and sensitive lips—all were in this boy's face. To see such a face in the harsh light of actual existence was amazing. I couldn't quite get over it.

The boy rapidly acquired many English words, although at the end of three months he could not yet maintain a conversation without difficulty. He was naturally shy, I found out. Gus told me that with him he talked readily enough, but that with the Russian cook or with strangers he spoke only when necessary. I supposed it was because of his inadequate English. But as time went on and his knowledge of the language improved, he was still as reticent as ever with strangers. He always recognized me, though, and he said "Hello," whenever I came in. He could see the people in the store through an opening in the wall.

When the cold weather came later in the year Gus told me that he would soon put him behind the counter to wait on people. It was understood that this was a decided advancement over the work he was doing now—washing dishes. I was sitting in the kitchen that night, watching the cook prepare the food for the early breakfast business.

"Well, kid," said Gus, "next week you go behind the counter. Make lots of money then. Eh?"

The boy smiled and nodded his head and sank his arms back into the gray dish-water.

"Well," said Gus to me, "he deserves it. He's a good smart boy and he does his work. I never got no kick coming about his work."

* * *

The next week he was behind the counter in a clean white coat and apron. When I came in to have breakfast, I sat at the table farthest removed from the counter so that I could watch him at work. Gus was there beside him, telling him what to do and how

to do it. The boy was plainly nervous about meeting people. For months he had been in the kitchen washing dishes and watching the customers in the store through the hole in the wall, and it must have seemed like another world to him watching them that way. And now that he was right in this world at last, it was natural that he should be nervous and self-conscious. You know how those things are. It's like stepping into a strange room one has seen only through a key-hole.

As I sat there, two workmen carrying their breakfasts from the counter came over and sat down at the table next to mine.

"Jesus!" said one of them, "can you imagine a name like that?"

"Yeah," said the other, "that's a hot one, ain't it?"

Their remarks struck me with a good deal of force. I had not thought of it before—the fact that his name could be interpreted as being something very funny.

I understood almost immediately why these two workmen should think it funny that the boy's name was Jesus. Men said "Jesus!" much the same as they said "Goddamn!" or "What the hell!" or even "Christ!" I knew that even the most irreligious person, no matter how vulgar, would hesitate to profane the name of Christ by ridicule, so it could be only by association with common by-words that the name might have a humorous connotation.

That winter I went South and when I came back in April the boy was gone. I did not notice his absence at first, as soon as I came in, but sitting at the table eating my breakfast I remembered the two workmen and what they had said that day. When I was through with my breakfast I got up to pay my check.

"Well sport," said Gus, "how did you enjoy your trip to Florida? You look fine!"

"I feel fine, Gus," I told him. He took my check and my money and rung the amount on the register. "What happened to that boy you had here, Gus?" I asked him. "I mean your nephew."

"Oh—!" He smiled sadly and shook his head and gestured as if to deprecate the notion. "He went back to the other side."

"Why? What happened? Didn't he like it here?"

"Oh yes," he said. "He liked it good enough. But he made up his mind to go back. So I buy him his ticket and he went."

"He must have been homesick. Eh?"

"No," said Gus. "I tell you what I think. As soon as all those fellers find out the boy's name is Jesus they begin to kid him about it. It hurt him. You understand? So I tell these fellers, please don't call him Jesus no more, call him Joe or something like that. Because the boy feels hurt if you call him Jesus and then you smile. Well, they say, all right, we call him Joe. You understand? So they call him Joe for a little while. Well, one morning—that was New Year's—when everybody goes to parties and everything, a bunch of them fellers came in with their girl friends for breakfast. They was drunk, you understand? So one of them begins, 'Hey Jesus, give us some ham and eggs,' and another one says, 'Hey Jesus, give us some hot Java here,' and another one says, 'Hey Jesus, how about a little service down at this end?' The poor boy was so excited with all them dressed-up fellers and girls hollering at him he didn't know what to do. I was standing here and I see he's almost going to cry, so I come behind the counter myself and try to make them a little bit quiet on account of the people living upstairs and also because they make the boy feel hurt. Then one of the girls bends over to him and she say, 'Hey Jesus, where's your beard?' Well, that's a pretty lousy trick. You understand? So the boy begins to cry and he runs in the kitchen and he don't want to work no more, I don't blame him."

Gus sighed hard and shook his head.

"What gets me," he said, "is them people wasn't Jews. If they was Jews it would of been different. You understand? But they was Christian people, just like the boy. Now why they want to do something like that?"

REFORMATION

by LLEWELYN POWYS

THERE is no doubt that the human race, like an overburdened man beneath a dead weight, is staggering under a thousand superstitions. Not a theologian, not a metaphysician exists whose vision of life has not been distorted by a mass of traditional misrepresentations connected with man's inveterate personal conceit.

This morning I was talking with two medical students who had witnessed their first operation at a hospital. It was performed on the body of a nervous woman who had been complaining of pains in her abdomen. The skill of the surgeon revealed the fact that she was suffering from an incurable cancer of the liver. Now instead of there being any discretionary allowance legalized for such an emergency, with lawyers and relations at hand for consultation, this unfortunate human being was deliberately brought back to life to bear months of unnecessary torture. Think of it! They had her there in their theatre, unconscious, dead, all her misery at an end—and yet to satisfy the tricky regulations of a silly society she must, with gloved inhumanity, be brought back to life. With so opportune a chance of putting a stop to her sufferings, telegrams should have been dispatched, telephones rung, taxicabs hired with as much alacrity as if her life was to be saved.

(Continued on page 15, Col. 2)



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WINDY JIM

by JOHN R. BARROWS

Twenty years in the cattle business in Montana; cowboy with the DHS outfit; with the Musselshell Roundup; with the Flying W; and with his own herd brand, "The Half Circle Dot."

THE old West was generous but discriminating in the bestowal of nicknames. The average frontiersman lived his pioneer life under his own name. The individual of peculiar physical or mental makeup, or with some unusual event in his personal history, was quite apt to have some distinctive and descriptive *nom de guerre*: "Buffalo Bill," "Calamity Jane," "Liver-eating Johnson," and "Yellowstone Kelly" were familiar examples. "Fat Jack" was lean and "Noisy Wilson" was quiet and reserved. "Web-foot" and "Tex" were nicknames indicating origins. Almost all of these gift names were complimentary or could be accepted in a friendly way, but there was one fraught with derision and disparagement—and that was "Windy." If a man was commonly known as "Gabby Smith," it merely meant he was a talker. "Lying Babcock" was a friendly and lovable romancer, but the appellation "Windy" meant that the unfortunate possessor was an unreliable boaster. He was almost certain to be a nomad, avid of applause, always moving on to find a new gallery when his audience had solved his "delivery."

"Windy Jim" came to our roundup in the spring of '82, a good rider, well-equipped and with considerable experience. After we had been regaled with his unbelievable accounts of personal exploits, we began calling him "Windy" in his absence. It is astonishing how polite and considerate we were in the days when everyone carried a Colt's equalizer strapped to his hip. One day when "Windy" was relating his experience with the gamblers in Helena, he was asked if he had visited "Chicago Joe's" place? He replied that he had and said that it was a dull morning and he had amused himself by cutting cards with the proprietor at five dollars a cut and that he had won two hundred and thirty-five dollars, when his opponent, his mustache bristling with rage, had thrown the cards into the street in disgust. It happened that the narrator was the only person in our company who did not know that "Chicago Joe" was a lady of high velocity who conducted an establishment almost exclusively devoted to wine, women and song; thereafter he had to accept the derogatory nickname, "Windy."

Within a month he left us. Afterwards, we heard of him on the Judith and later on the upper Yellowstone. Memories of the unfortunate man were renewed the other day, when in response to several recommendations I read "Lone Cowboy," by Will James, for here was "Windy Jim" in replica, perhaps, indeed, the son of the "Windy Jim" I had known half a century ago. (In a questionnaire given recently to High School boys in northern California, "Lone Cowboy" shared first place for popularity with

King Arthur and its author was hailed as the greatest living authority in his field.)

We old cowboys are outraged by the flood of western fiction which distorts and obliterates the true picture of the past, but it is much worse when the same offenses are committed in the form of a frank and revealing autobiography, "Lone Cowboy" is particularly depressing to those of us who, as cowboys, had an important part in the settlement and development of the West. We remember the close comradeships, the labors, the privations and hazards shared, as well as the healthy pleasures of the roundup and trail, but since the beginning of this century we have been the victims of technological unemployment, like the farrier and the bustle maker.

In the old days the cow outfit was a great school, where a youngster of college age was given thorough instruction in the anatomy, physiology, hygiene and psychology of the horse and cow. He was taught self-reliance and independence, as well as the value of co-operation and loyalty. He was honest, not on account of superior virtue, but by reason of the character of his employment. Whenever the devil prompted him to become a thief, he was no longer a cowboy, but an outlaw. The work demanded a sound body and a good head. Weaklings and numskulls were eliminated in the freshman year.

After five or ten years the cowboy graduated and found his place in the life of the growing community. Some, alas, became criminals; some entered politics; one special student led a group of his schoolmates to Cuba and later became President of the United States. Fully half of the peace officers between Chihuahua and Alberta were graduates of the cow camps.

For nearly a score of years the cattlemen flourished and then we stood by the death-bed of a great industry and mourned its passing. The conditions which produced the cowboy no longer existed. The old ranges still supported many cattle in small herds of a few score, or a few hundred, provided with their minimum requirements of winter hay, but there were no more roundups; the trail days were over. Each small owner attended to his own branding or obtained assistance for that work from a neighbor.

With the decay of the range business, we noted with some amusement that the cowboy was becoming popular. Heavy-footed Scandinavian lumbermen and knock-kneed Cornish miners donned chaparejos as a part of their holiday attire, and in 1897 the Chinese cook at old Ubet would ride in complete cowboy regalia, each afternoon, not a bad imitation if his queue stayed in coil.

It was inevitable that someone should discover our histrionic possibilities. Several "Wild West" shows took to the road and every circus had a cowboy feature. We appeared in fiction, but no one could have foreseen that we were to dominate in what are known as "Western" stories. Then came the "Wild West" films and the

harlequin horsemen who deploy before the movie cameras have done much to make the *real* cowboy curse and spit. When an eastern writer of national reputation puts his cowboy on a stallion and sends him forth followed by his faithful dog, we shudder and grow faint at heart, for a dog or a stallion in a cow camp would be as welcome as Al Smith or Nicholas Murray Butler in a W. C. T. U. convention.

If "Lone Cowboy," for a single example, presents a true picture, we were as furtive as the coyote and as timid as the cottontail rabbit. We had no loyalty; we were incapable of friendships; we were lying, thievish vagrants. All that remains to us is the possibility that Mr. James' picture has been painted by an artist unfamiliar with his subject.

II.

"Lone Cowboy" strangely enough tells us very little about range cattle and their management. The four principal episodes in this life story may be given these titles: "The Short Tale of a Kodiak Bear," interesting to big game hunters and nature lovers; "A Canadian Jail from the Inside," valuable to students of Canadian law; "The Saga of a Horse Thief," a study of grand larceny and rapid transportation; and "Forty Dry Cows," or "The Buck-a-roo's Revenge," a desert nightmare. There is, however, one full-length picture of a roundup.

As Mr. James has given us but one place name and one date, his birth in 1892 in Judith Basin, Montana, other places and dates can only be found by triangulation. By this method we find that this remarkable roundup must have taken place in the year 1906, when the range industry in that section was dead. The country was settled, fenced and overstocked.

The fourteen-year-old boy comes to this anonymous roundup, seeking work. Residents of this fertile and populous section of Montana will be astonished to learn what Mr. James saw. "I could see more riders on both sides of me drifting down from all directions and passing the main herd, each rider was bringing along more cattle and was careful not to let 'em mix with the main herd because in the new bunches that was being brought in was many calves that had to be branded." When Mr. James writes another new and different autobiography, he should remember that the herd ought to follow the roundup and not move ahead of it; there would then be no danger of getting mixed with cattle brought in by each day's roundup.

"I'd seen quite a few big herds of cattle before, but this was the biggest I'd ever seen up till that time. There must have been at least eight thousand head of cattle in the main herd alone." It is very evident that Mr. James is attempting to describe something he never saw; is drawing upon his experience on small cattle ranches and is merely moving his decimal point one step to the right. Perhaps he has seen eight hundred head of cattle

driven to one part of a ranch, owned, leased, or otherwise controlled by a small cattle outfit and he pictures eight thousand range cattle in a similar operation. A herd of eight thousand range cattle is just four times too big to handle and remember we are only at the beginning of this weird roundup. Eight thousand head of cattle, grazing comfortably, would occupy about twelve square miles. Looking across the herd, four miles away, you might be able to see another cowboy, but you could not signal to him. On this trail, such a herd would stretch out for five miles; the leaders would be at the noon camp about the time that the drag was getting off the bed grounds, and at night the leaders would be snoring while the drag was still on noon water; and when the herd bedded down it would be half a mile across.

If we try to reduce this fairy story to actualities, we have three operations to consider: we are gathering all the cattle on the range; we are branding all calves; and we are driving the swollen aggregate ten or fifteen miles a day. The driving is complicated by the size of the herd, as we have seen, but there are further complications. At least a score of calves would be born each day, so we must equip ourselves with three calf wagons, ambulances for the little fellows, who even on the second day could not walk more than half the distance of a day's drive.

In no particular does this mythical roundup conform with cowboy practice. They were branding as they gathered, which means that the calves, fresh from the rude surgery of the corral, must take their place in the over-sized herd for the day's march. It simply could not be done! It never occurred to them that branding and marking might be postponed until the end of the drive. Twenty men would be too few to handle the herd. There would be no one to cook or drive the wagons and ambulances; two men would be needed for the horse herd and, awful thought—there would be nobody to make the day's roundup.

At least they were well mounted. "Each string was made up of ten or twelve head of horses for each rider. There was unbroke horses for the short circles (rides), spoiled horses for the long circles, good all round horses for any work, cow horses for dayherd and cutting out, and then there was the night horses. About two of each of them horses went to make up a string." And so the dream goes on for two months at least. It is impossible to calculate the size of the herd, but by the magic known only to fictioneers, the riders have increased, by birth or immigration, to sixty. This welcome addition to the overworked band of cowboys brings unforeseen complications. With twelve horses to the man, the horse herd must have numbered about seven hundred and fifty. If a herd of this size could be held in a rope corral, can you visualize the impossibility of catching your mount from such an aggregation?

While we linger over this picture of the happy days that were not, let us consider how the *real* cowboy was mounted. Instead of twelve horses, he had four, or at most five or six. We must also correct the "buck-aroo's" idea that every cowboy had two bronchos and two spoiled horses in his string. In the days when we handled horses to make them serviceable as quickly as possible, a broncho was expected to buck when being ridden for the first and second riding. If he repeated on the third day, it was a reproach to his handler; he was supposed to be somewhat touchy and awkward, but his bucking days were over. Our roundups were not an exhibition of broncho busting. I remember one roundup, a very efficient little affair of twenty-two riders, where we had four spoiled horses. They were a valuable addition, for they were harnessed to the mess wagon where they did good work.

My belief that "Lone Cowboy" is tawdry fiction is shared, I am sure, by the alert and active peace officers of the West, who otherwise would not be so singularly apathetic, in view of the fact that Mr. James has confessed the commission of twenty-two indictable felonies, not to mention killings in Mexico, and has been punished for only one offense.

III

What I have written here is a protest and remonstrance of a decimated and dismayed remnant of a goodly company. We are made ridiculous by the stage-struck youngsters who masquerade as cowboys and are taking away from us our pride in our past. We are scattered all over the United States and we have no organization. Whenever two or three of us get together, we are apt to discuss interesting matters of technique, such as the best method of putting a trail herd into "swimming water," or the essential requisites of a good bed-ground. If we talk of brands and vents, wattles and jug-handles, crops, swallowforks, and dewlaps, we are stirring the springs of memory and know that such terms have little modern significance.

In a short time there will be no one to take offense at such books as "Lone Cowboy," unless it be Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill and Baron Munchausen, who have been in a huddle ever since its publication.

SERVANTS OF GOD—NO. 25

From *The Scranton, Pa., Times*:

Trapped in a hotel room with an underworld woman, the Rev. C. A. Hallenbeck, of 543 Quincy avenue, pastor of the John Raymond Memorial Church, Universalist, and a militant vice crusader, was arrested by city police on a disorderly conduct charge last night at 11:15 o'clock.

SERVANTS OF GOD—NO. 26

Press Dispatch from Corpus Christi, Texas:

The Rev. Henry Poirrier, of Robstown, was given a two-year suspended sentence by Judge George Westervelt in criminal district court yesterday afternoon on a plea of guilty to embezzlement of state relief funds during the time he was in charge of their disbursement.

(Continued from Page 13, Col. 2)

The river of human existence should be regulated both at its fountain head and at its mouth. Its lovely waters should be purified. Men of science should compete in devising plans for the eradication of wretchedness. The secrets of birth control should be accessible to everybody, and to make them so should be an elementary obligation with every responsible government. Under medical care painless infanticide should be legalized in every land. The populations of the earth should be controlled so that they coincide with the amount of food, clothing, and shelter obtainable in any given historical epoch. It is only common sense that the first duty of those alive should be to see that no fresh souls come to consciousness until sufficient provision is assured for their creature well-being. It is barbarous and grossly ignorant to leave such critical matters to chance. There should be enormous state departments full of calculating statisticians and the scope of their findings should extend not only to the complications of international economy, but to physical and psychic hygiene as well, so that the iniquity of allowing misery upon misery to be visited upon our children's children would be forever at an end.

How deranged and fanatical has been our past history! Consider the record of Christianity in Western Europe—a subtle casuistry evolved by the dispossessed developing into nothing but persecution and outrage! Almost from the first these sly clerkhawks began to bandy about words like "infidel" and "recreant" for no better reason than that they knew deep in their souls they had imposed upon the secular world theological whistlings that would be found to be untrue at the first rational hearing.

Think how the arbitrary obsessions of these spiritually sick sects have debarred men and women caught in their vestry traps, in their chapter house traps, from a harmless indulgence in the only trustworthy solace that has been vouchsafed to human life. I refer to the natural happiness to be derived from sex, that deep reservoir of human euphoria thrilling and intolerable in anticipation, unspeakable in the rapture of its realization, gentle and consoling in retrospect. And yet this quivering centre of our lives must be fenced about as if it were some ugly and disreputable pastime, our very heritage as children of the sun cried down, nay degraded, unless it happens to conform with some dreary purpose of domesticity.

Why, in the name of reason, when we are once in the world, should we be so put to it to find a hole out of it again? Every town corporation should build agreeable lethal chambers. These houses of blessed oblivion should be as common as banks and movie theatres are now, so that, when we walked dispirited through the streets, our nerves could be comforted by a glimpse of their doors, just as the nerves of a Christian are fortified by his skyward-pointing church steeples. Any man or woman disaffected with life should be allowed to savor annihilation at a few hours' notice. Two or three witnesses and the family lawyer should suffice to carry through the business. These lethal chambers should be pleasant places, equipped with many rooms, each of them prepared to harmonize with the prevailing life moods of their various patrons. There should be religious rooms so that the last moments of the clergy would be solaced by incense, by hymn-singing or, in the case of the more aesthetic, by Gregorian chants. There should be rooms resembling efficient business offices for those who did not wish for a fuss.

If once we could rid our minds of prejudice and superstition and were willing to make a few reasonable and obvious reforms, the misery incident to the bread competition of a surplus population would be at an end, the misery incident to sickness would be at an end, the misery incident to sexual frustration would be at an end, and the noble melancholy of pessimistic thought could always be brought to an end. And the meadows of Earth, gleaming with lawns of lucky grass, would be cleared for the free play of happy mortals, for the Glory of Life.

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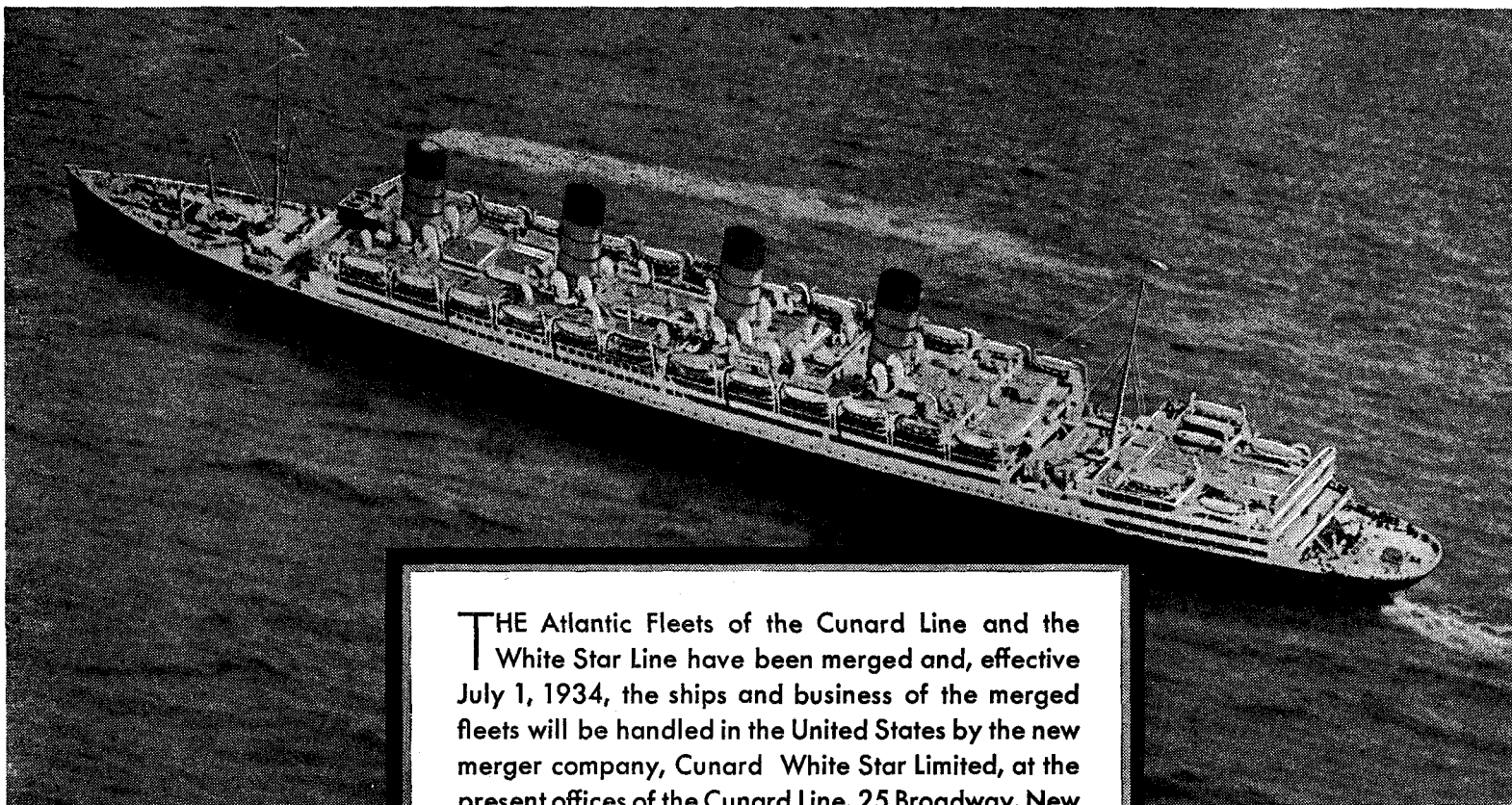
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